JULY 3 1988

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Category: Africa

Church at nine oâ€™clock scheduled to last till eleven thirty, two and a half hours of solid Kouya is a daunting prospect. In the end things turned out somewhat differently, half way through the service a terrific rainstorm began and water came straight in through the walls of the building, which resembles a garden shed. Sue and I, who had been given seats at the front as a mark of honour, found ourselves in the wettest part of the building. A good half of the congregation, including all of the children left at this point. When the storm died down things recommenced, with Emile preaching and Williams translating forÂ our benefit. We both felt encouraged and challenged by the message and were really glad that we had heard it.

I spent a lot of today, as well as two boxes of matches, trying to get the fridge to work; I remain sceptical as to whether I have succeeded. It doesnâ€™t hum like an electric fridge so your first clue that all is not well is the smell of putrefying meat filling the kitchen.

We went up to the school for the afternoon to see Dan and Liz, Dan and I solved most of the worldâ€™s problems while the kids played on the swings. We got to meet a lot of the WEC folks, including one lady who said that she had been praying for us for years, isnâ€™t the Lord good, where would we be without the army of folks, many of whom we donâ€™t even know, who are faithfully bearing us up in prayer?

We also met Jackie, a WEC girl who I had taught language learning to last summer at Horsleyâ€™s Green.